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School District No. I, of Clatsop county. Oregon, will receive sealed bids from the bona fide residents of said school district, at the office of the clerk of said district, in the City Hall, at Astoria. Oregon, until 12 o'clock (noon) of Tuesday, November 12, 1907, for the pur- Coffee with Pie or Cake to Cts. chase of eight thousand one hundred dollars, par value, of interest bearing warrants of said district, bearing interest at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, which warrants will be dated November 1st. FOR SALE-THE FURNITURE OF A 1907, and will be payable as follows: Coffee with Pie or Cake to Cta. harge lodging house; rooms always \$2000.00 in two years, \$2100.00 in three bids may be for warrants in amounts from fifty (\$50.00) dollars to eight thousand one hundred (\$\$100.00) dollars, and must state the terms on which the warrants will be taken, whether at a premium, at par, or at a discount. Each person will be entitled to but one bid, The Finest asc. Meal Served in Astoria. and all bids must be addressed to "A. L. Clark, Clerk of School District No. 1," All bids will be opened at the office of A. L. CLARK. 11-1-10t.

Ballo, Warrenton. Price, \$1600. Astoria, Oregon, and must be endorsed 'proposal for school district warrants." said clerk, on said 12th day of November, at 2 o'clock p. m. Dated, at Astoris, Oregon, October 31, 1907. Clerk of School District No. 1, Clatop County, Oregon.

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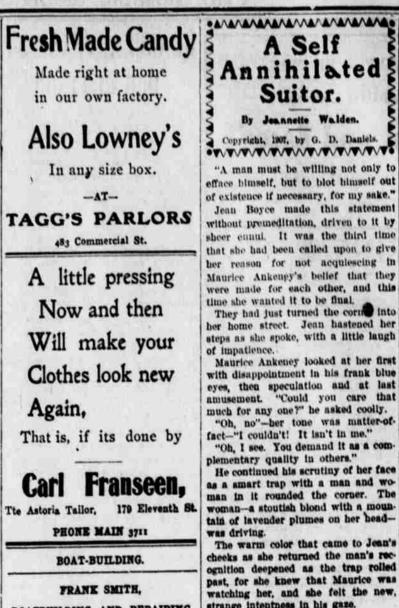
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Commercial St., Astoria.

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As for Ankeney, his expression suddenly became a mixture of calmness and stern determination. "I'll do it!" he exclaimed. And for this apparently eccentric remark he was rewarded by an electrifying look of inquiry from a pair of dark eyes. "Do what?"

"Efface-I mean extinguish-myself by getting him for you."

The dark eyes became inscrutable. "If you want Harold Buckley, you shall have him," he continued precipitately as they mounted the steps of



SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9,1907.

he asked her to take all such that same evening she accepted.

Her pride in Harold Buckley's personal attractiveness was extended to his splendid machine as they went bounding over the road with a red October sunset in their faces.

Another automobile came tooting up behind them and passed them on the road. It was occupied by Madge Racer and Maurice Ankeney.

The vague depresaion that had been haunting Jean Lecame polguant. She felt misused.

"Queer tante he has," she observed, with a corl of her lip. Then to like ber plous the conjured a spirit of darlug

"Oh, let's pass them! Do, do!"

Harold Buckley, ready to please her or possibly for reasons of his own, entered into the sport and put on power with great abandon.

Jean was almost delicious with the excitement of swift motion. "How jolly"- Then came a sudden jolting and a desperate adjusting of brakes. They had struck a rocky place in the road. Before Harold could slow up Jean was almost shaken from her seat. The sun's rays, on a level with their eyes, blinded them. There was a loud report, a scream from Maurice Ankeney's auto, which they had grazed in stopping, and they toppled over into a shallow ditch, with an extra tire hanging to one of their wheels.

Jean felt a sharp pain in her arm as she picked herself up; then the diver-sion of what followed made her forget herself. The blond heiress followed up her screams by an attack upon Harold. who had just extricated himself whole from the ditch.

"Mr. Buckley, this is a great way to drive!" she cried in her high voice with its slightly foreign accent. "Why don't you look at your road?"

But she was instantly mollified by Harold's abject apologies and sho hands with him quite sweetly.

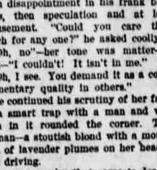
Maurice, who had got to work with out loss of time, had almost finished putting on a new tire when Jean felt to faint that she had to sit down on the grass. The pain was coming back into her wrist.

It was just then that Maurice Ankeney happened to look over his shoulder. He burst out roughly to Harold, who was still busy with the beiress, "Don't you see the girl is hurt?"

He got to her first, but in a second they were all bending over her. She assured them that it was only a sprain ed wrist.

Maurice gave Buckley his handker chief, ordering him to bandage the in jured arm tight, and flew back to work again at the tire.

Jean received a feverish impression



strange intentness in his gaze.

through her pain that there was a parley and almost an altercation. Maurice seemed to be out of patience with everybody, and the heiress played him a close second. Jean couldn't see all the time, but she heard Madge Racer's voice grow shriller and shriller. "No; Mr. Buckley must take the back seat with Miss Boyce. I'll ride in front."

But Mr. Buckley said that some one must stay with the disabled machine. It came hastily to Jean that he sug-gested Maurice as the one to do this. At this Madge Racer insisted that they take Buckley's auto in tow.

After what seemed hours to Jean she felt herself lifted up in somebody's arms, and the next thing she knew the wind of rapid motion against her face brought everything clear to her. Maurice at her side looked back grimly over his shoulder and swore under his breath.

"All right?" he questioned, seeing her looking at him. "Guess I surprised them this time. She thought I was going to wait to take Buckley in tow. with you about to keel over there on the ground."

"But I didn't keel over." Her voice sounded far away.

"Oh, no, you didn't. You're game. I'd like to see the heiress in the same fix.'

There was so much of genuine admiration in his look and tone that Jean took new strength for a moment. She must have been weak, too, or she would not have said what she did next. "Do-do you really care for her money?"

Maurice gave her a sharp, quick look. "You must be out of your head," he muttered as he bent again over the guide wheel.

When he was ready to leave her at home, after the sprain had been cared for and the color was creeping back into her cheeks, he stood over her couch and asked humbly:

"Am I sufficiently blotted out?" "I think you are," she laughed. "But I'd like you to be sure," he insisted.

"I am sure," declared Jean, and the look that came into his blue eyes told her that he was satisfied.

Mr. Robert O. Burke, Elnora, N. Y., writes: "Before I started to use Foley's Kidney Cure I had to get up from 12 to 20 times a night, and I was all bloated up with dropsy and my eyesight was so impaired I could scarcely see one of my family across the room. I had given up hope of living, when a friend recom-mended Foley's Kidney Oure. One 50 cent bottle worked wonders and before I had taken the third bottle the dropmy had gone, as well as all other symptoms of Bright's disease." T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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